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THE FAIR VILLAGER.

A TALE.

WITH OTHER MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LONDON:

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MDCCLXXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

Mr. *T. PEMBERTON,*

THESE

POEMS

Are, as a Token of the ſincereſt Friendſhip,

DEDICATED;

BY ONE WHO ESTEEMS IT THE GREATEST HONOR

AND SATISFACTION OF HIS LIFE TO BE RANK'D

AMONG THE NUMBER OF HIS FRIENDS.

TO

MR. J. PEMBERTON,

THESE

POEMS

Are, as a Token of the Sincerest Friendship,

DEDICATED;

BY ONE WHO ESTEEMS IT THE GREATEST HONOR

AND SATISFACTION OF HIS LIFE TO BE RANKED

AMONG THE NUMBER OF HIS FRIENDS.

PREFACE.

NO man, I believe, who did not think them worthy to be received, and perhaps applauded by it, ever ſubmitted his works to the public.

Such a confeſſion neceſſarily cuts off any impertinent apology, and I fancy every author who tells you of his inabilities, calls his works trifles, and in ſhort declares them to be worthleſs, would be little pleaſed if he thought his reader coincided in thoſe his *written* opinions; nevertheleſs, I think it neceſſary to give my reader ſome account of what he is going to peruſe.

For the firſt poem I have only this to ſay, that it cannot be ſuppoſed to have that genuine force and expreſſion which it might have received from a writer really in the circumſtances there lamented. I thought the ſubject fine, and moving, but I wrote only as I *imagined* I ſhould feel in ſuch a ſituation.

The next piece is a ſmall part of a very long one, upon the reading over of which thoſe few lines alone pleaſed me; and by a little alteration, and addition, I made a ſeparate Poem of them.

The two next I leave entirely to the reader's judgment. The one ſucceeding them is upon the death of a friend, and ſchoolfellow of mine: I can only ſay, that I felt more when I wrote it than I could expreſs,

In reſpect to the next I have ſomething more to ſay. The kind of verſe and metre in which it is written is read by ſome with the higheſt pleaſure and feeling; or becomes to others diſguſtful, as trifling, and in ſhort as *verſus inopes rerum, nugæq; canoræ.*

This diverſity of opinion is I think eaſily accounted for. The metre is certainly peculiarly elegant, delicate, and ſimple, when properly underſtood, and handled by a writer of real taſte; but unhappily the beauty of it has been perceived by thoſe who had neither abilities or judgment to aſſiſt them in adopting it. The ſhoals of nonſenſe that has been eternally written of Delias and Damons, Chloes, Strephons, &c. have moſtly appeared in this metre, and who indeed can read ſuch traſh without diſguſt? The peculiar elegance

gance of the metre before-mentioned is by theſe poetaſters turned into a ſoft pac'd kind of nothingneſs, and the ſimplicity of thought and expreſſion into puerile conceits and barefac'd nonſenſe: Though indeed, in reſpect to thoughts, it is very well known that this kind of rhymers have had but one ſet ſince the days of Chaucer.----

She is faithleſs, and I am undone!

The poor gentleman throws aſide his pipe, loſes his ſheep, complains to the rocks, echoes, trees, &c. dies, and ends the paſtoral. I muſt beg the reader's pardon for offending his delicacy, but I never read one of theſe cataſtrophes without thinking of the laſt line in the Dragon of Wantley,

---So groan'd, kick'd, ſ----, and died.---

I have entered into this ſhort treatiſe with no evil intent, as it may perhaps induce ſome who have been diſguſted with the placid nothingneſs of what they may have read in this metre, not to look for it in ſong books or magazines, but where they may find it in perfection, as they frequently may in the reliques of antient poetry, Shenſtone, Cunningham.

For

PREFACE.

For my laſt poem I can with truth ſay that I am a little fearful; it has not enough of invention, and is too incorrect; but for this, as for the reſt, I muſt implore the reader to pardon what defects he may ſee, on condition that it has ſome equivalent deſert. In one reſpect I confeſs I do not merit his favour, which is that I have publiſhed theſe Poems without the advice, knowledge, or correction of one living perſon; but if this appears too confident, I ſhall yet have the ſatisfaction, of being certain if my productions are cenſured, that no one knows their author.

AN

AN ELEGY,

OR COMPLAINT ON THE PLACING AN URN BY THE DISCONSOLATE LOVER.

TOO true it is, that from our earlieſt years
Life's tedious day content but ſeldom chears ;
And through the varied ſcene, too true it is,
That years of pain o'erbalance days of peace.
If then ſo few our pleaſures, who can ſpare
That from the number which he held moſt dear ?
Such is my loſs---for what I valued more
Than all beſide, falls from the ſlender ſtore.
Flow then my tears, with more ſincerity
None ever fell from the ſad widow's eye.
But then each pooreſt trifle tears may call,
The common teſt and ſign of grief in all ;

My ſorrows ſhould ſome worthier token ſhow,
And drops of blood, inſtead of tears, ſhould flow.
O memory, preſerve this breaſt within
The thought of joys that only might have been:
From grief itſelf a ſecret ſweetneſs flows,
And ſorrow loves to recollect her woes.
To this much honor'd Urn each earlieſt ſpring
The conſecrated wreath theſe hands ſhall bring:
No envious weed ſhall ere diſgrace the ground,
But violets bend their penſive heads around.
The faireſt ſweets on April's boſom worn
Shall bloom, this ſad memorial to adorn.
And ſacred time tread o'er with ſofteſt pace,
With gentleſt ſtep, this ever hallow'd place.
Not that, through pride, I wiſh her name ſhould be
With credit given to poſterity;
Yet ſince ſo few alive the dead reſpect,
This ſtone at leaſt ſhall ſhield her from neglect.

The grave's a place where all attendance ends,
Where what was ill no friendly care defends;
And what was good, ſhall ſeldom leave on earth
A living tongue to vindicate its worth.
Men rarely prize the ſtalk for what it bore
When once the flower ſhall live and bloom no more.
Yet thoſe who truly merit, ſure might have
Some kind remembrance e'en beyond the grave.

Oh heavenly virtue! to thy care divine,
I dedicate this Urn, her life was thine:
Protect it ever, and poſterity
In it, ſhall find a monument of thee:
And on the day when that dread ſecond birth
Shall call her from her lowly, peaceful earth,
Then bear it in thy breaſt to heaven with thee;
'Twill ſhow thou had'ſt on earth one real votary.

ELEGY
ON A PILE OF RUINS.

THE duſky twilight, clad in ſullen gray,
With dewy tears bewails departing day.
The warning ſun now ſinks, with early light
From other realms to chaſe the ſhades of night.
The trav'ler ſeeks the village ſpire in vain,
Quick'ning his ſteps the deſtin'd home to gain:
And, whilſt the duſk the diſtant ſight beguiles,
For ſome more ſocial houſe may take yon ruin'd piles.
How ſadly ſweet the ſcene, the ſun's laſt ray
Scarce glimmering o'er the heap, now ſteals away.
The trophies theſe of time, and founded firſt
By hands that long ſince moulder'd into duſt.
There liv'd perhaps, in holy ſecreſy,
The zealots of miſtaken piety.

There

There oft midnight bell with ſullen ſtroke
The drowſy charm of death-like ſleep hath broke.
Whilſt iron pennance o'er the penſive train
Not pitying youth, once held her cruel reign.
There oft the maid has the ſad hour bewail'd
When reaſon yielded, and raſh zeal prevail'd.
Great nature's bounty had adorn'd her face
With every beauty, every pleaſing grace,
To chear this tedious pilgrimage on earth,
The only prize to man of real worth.
But here ſhe led in ſad obſcurity
A weary life of grief and miſery.

Why ſhould we make that life, for which alone
The world was made, to finiſh ere begun?
For death is ſurely more to be preferr'd
Than thus without its eaſe to be interr'd.
Why ſhould ſcorn thoſe charms which for our uſe
Almighty power bid nature firſt produce?

And why inflict, what ſhould from heaven be ſent,
And on ourſelves ordain a puniſhment?
The virtuous act from free and honeſt will,
He is not good that only can't do ill.
A truth it is, by many known too well,
That peace but ſeldom deigns on earth to dwell;
That full of ceaſeleſs ſorrow, toil, and care,
The chearleſs paths of life's dull journey are,
Yet ſhould we chuſe that path which ſeems to be,
To our beſt judgement, moſt from ſorrow free.
Deſpair ſhould ne'er lead virtuous faith aſtray,
But hope for ever point the hallow'd way.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE

TO ——.

IF thou haſt known a thought, and ſure thou muſt,
By love inſpir'd, by potent Venus nurſt,
If ere thy boſom, form'd for peace alone,
One anxious moment's real care hath known,
Think that long time within my breaſt have dwelt
Thoſe pains which you in that ſad moment felt.
Think that they will for ever now remain,
That every diſtant hope of cure is vain.
Whatever face hereafter fair I ſee,
Its charms, its beauties, will be loſt to me,
Save that in ſeeing them I think of thee;
All that is perfect, all that can delight,
All that is fair eſteem'd in mortal ſight,

Shall

Shall only picture thee unto my mind,
To thee alone my thoughts ſhall be confin'd ;
Yet not in truth confin'd thoſe thoughts will be,
For I ſhall think on all I prize in thee.
The force of time may ruin, or eraſe,
The works of pride, the proudeſt palaces.
But does the ſtately rock his power confeſs ?
Is it, through ages without number, leſs ?

Thus ſtands my love, believe me when I ſwear
No future beauty's power, no future year,
Shall from its ſeat of power, my heart, remove
The firm dominion of my laſting love.

INSCRIB'D

INSCRIB'D AT THE ENTRANCE OF A BEAUTIFUL SHRUBBERY, AT ———.

WIthdrawn from fame and fortune's giddier heights
Doſt thou ſeek ſolitude's more ſure delights?
Lov'ſt thou, with curious and delighted eye
To trace wiſe nature's ſweet variety?
Obſerving what to grace, and what for uſe,
Her bounty bids the fruitful year produce.
Lov'ſt thou the ſilent grove's romantic ſeat?
Or the lone wood irregularly great?
If ſuch thy mind, within theſe ſacred ſhades,
Which never gariſh mid-day's ſun pervades,
Where noiſe, that enemy to uſeful thought,
Never intrudes, or from the hallow'd ſpot
Diſpels its unmoleſted quietude,
Awhile enjoy the ſweets of ſolitude.

ON THE

DEATH OF A FRIEND,

WHICH HAPPEN'D IN THE EARLY PART OF HIS LIFE.

SHALL winter's hoar the ſpring purſue,
And nip the blooming year ;
Ere ſummer's ſuns mature the gifts
Which autumn's branch ſhould bear ?

Shall night, alas, the morn ſucceed,
Excluding perfect day ?
Shall the fair roſe which buds this hour,
The next unblown decay ?

What tho' 'tis ſaid to thoſe that grieve
That joys more welcome ſounds,
Should hail unto the ſeats of bliſs
Thoſe whom all joy ſurrounds.

Yet

Yet if remov'd to ſeats of bliſs,
He's too from me remov'd;
Still muſt I grieve the early loſs
Of one ſo well belov'd.

This only conſolation then
May ſoften grief's career,
And when remembrance wakes to mourn,
May dry the generous tear,

That tho' to him (from buſier ſcenes
In life's fair ſpring cut off)
Experienc'd time had not matur'd
The bloom of virtuous youth,

Yet has he ſcap'd the various ills
Of life's inconſtancy,
And has enjoy'd the only time
That is from troubles free.

And if increaſing length of years
Its common courſe had run,
Some croſs perhaps might have diſturb'd
A life ſo well begun.

But oh! too true it is, that grief
Scorns ſuch philoſophy,
'Tis often urg'd, but ne'er purſu'd,
And live's in theory.

The anguiſh ever will be felt
Long as the wound remains,
And as that larger is, or leſs,
Will med'cine eaſe its pains.

THE COMPLAINT.

COLD blows the northern wind, whilſt flow
The evening ſteals away ;
Hail welcome night! my cares ill ſuit
The gariſh blaze of day.

Let none, ſince vain the taſk would prove,
Attempt my griefs to calm ;
Advice too often tedious is
Though friendſhip pour the balm.

No longer ſhall the feſtive pipe
The ſong of mirth inſpire ;
No more the wanton dance inflame
The pulſe of fond deſire.

Such were the joys that once enhanc'd
The ſweets of liberty,
Such were the joys, whilſt love would ſmile,
That chear'd captivity.

But now retirement's lonelieſt haunts
My ſorrows beſt become,
The willow ſhade, the pathleſs grove,
The foreſt's chearleſs gloom.

Where yonder ruin'd piles confeſs
Time's long reſiſted power,
The ivy'd heaps ſhall form for me
The fitteſt, ſaddeſt bower.

Twas there ill-fated Daphnis choſe
His muſes ſad retreat,
Whilſt echo learnt the mournful tale
Of ſorrow to repeat.

There

There Daphnis oft his love would mourn,
Would tardy death implore,
Till Daphnis, oh much envy'd ſtate!
Could love, or grieve, no more.

But know, dear partner of my grief,
From earlieſt childhood lov'd,
Thou ſhalt not, if my prayers are heard,
From me be long remov'd.

The wiſh'd-for period now draws on
That ſets thy comrade free,
And as our lives were wont to do,
So ſhall our deaths agree.

How ſweetly does the courteous ſmile
Adorn Dorinda's face,
The ſpecious maſk of what within,
Wears not ſo ſweet a grace.

Yet

Yet there may come a time that will
  Make pride itſelf relent,
Thoſe lovely eyes may yet be taught
  In pity to lament.

When waining beauty's ſad decay
  No ſwains officious tend,
No more the flowing ringlets grace,
  The taper ſhape commend.

The maid (then taught by time and years
  With other eyes to ſee)
May feel my ſorrows by her own,
  And mourn her cruelty.

When theſe ill-pleaded ſighs no more
  Of broken faith complain,
When, clos'd in death, theſe eyes ſhall ceaſe
  To pour their ſhowers in vain,

Then

Then may compaſſion come too late,
And fruitleſs tears be ſhed ;
No grief can what is paſt reverſe,
No tears recall the dead.

And whilſt the unavailing tear
Bedews my lowly tomb,
Reflection with its bittereſt pang
Its ſaddeſt groan ſhall come.

But ſhould all gracious pitying heaven
Forgive her perfidy,
If ſome more happy ſwain ſhould ſhare
Love due alone to me,

At leaſt to deck the humble tomb,
The ſweets of all the ſpring,
The lily pale, the hyacinth,
The lowly primroſe bring :

And whilſt the graſſy heap receives
The due, though fruitleſs tear,
Pluck the invidious nettle off,
And ſtrew the violet there.

If ſuch thy care, dear perjur'd maid,
This laſt bequeath receive,
That tho' my ſuff'rings call revenge,
My pity can forgive.

Alas! ye ſwains, my comrades once,
Let my unhappy tale
A warning prove of woman's faith
As ſummer zephyrs frail.

To fickle beauty ne'er enſlave
Your native liberties,
Since oft with beauty's lovelieſt charms
The heart but ill agrees.

Oft does the ſerpent lie conceal'd
Beneath the violet bed,
And oft the treacherous marſh is ſeen
With fineſt verdure ſpread.

Look to the faireſt ſweeteſt roſe
On April's boſom worn,
Tho' fair, though ſweet, yet ſoon, too ſoon,
You find, alas!---a thorn.

THE FAIR VILLAGER.

A TALE.

CANTO THE FIRST.

WHERE, far from life's more buſied ſcene,
Beneath the neighbouring ſummit's brow,
The antient ſpire aſcending crowns
The hamlet in the vale below,
Where labour health, and health gives peace,
Where ignorance becomes a bliſs,

There Daphne liv'd, a maid ſo fair
Ne'er grac'd the lovely village train,
For her roſe many a ſigh ſincere
In boſoms never taught to feign,
And many a heart thoſe ſorrows felt
Which moſt with hapleſs Colin dwelt.

Nature

Nature in her ſeem'd will'd to clear
The ſex's ill-beſtow'd diſgrace,
And form'd ſince there the fault had been)
Her mind as lovely as her face;
And that with ſweeteſt charms was bleſt
The beauteous ſample of the reſt.

Such was the maid, tho' low of birth---
Thus oft the faireſt ſweeteſt roſe
Around the cottage window twines,
And the pooreſt gardens blows.
Thus pearls themſelves to ſhells confine,
Thus gems in ocean's bottom ſhine.

The lively eyes of gloſſy blue,
The face with ſmiles unſtudied deck'd,
Might well have been the grace of courts,
And taught to proudeſt hearts reſpect;
But love from ſeats of pomp and care
Retir'd, ſought eaſier conqueſts here.

In courts from beauty's ſofter power
Ambition guards the buſied breaſt,
Here undiſputed was her reign
And Colin ſoon her power confeſs'd.
Condemn'd thoſe torments to endure
Which truly felt admit no cure.

For Daphne long the youth had ſigh'd,
Nor dar'd the hidden flame to own,
But far from prying friendſhip's eye
Delighted to lament alone.
The nightingale loves thus to 'plain,
And Colin thus indulg'd his pain.

His pure and open thoughts till now
No maſk, no ſecreſy had us'd,
Nor ever had his honeſt tongue
The dictates of his heart refus'd,
But wan with grief his face betray'd
What inroads hopeleſs love had made.

And

And oft the fervor of his mind
Had thrown thoſe careful fences down,
Which prudence and reſpect had rais'd,
And what he fear'd to ſpeak, had ſhewn.
The downcaſt look, the frequent ſigh,
Oft told his loſs of liberty.

The ſharpeſt pain which man can know
Is that of jealouſy in love,
And this, alas! was Colin's fate
In all its weight of grief to prove,
For his beſt wiſhes rivall'd were
By one whoſe hope appear'd more fair.

The gallant Thyrſis was his foe,
Whoſe ſoft perſuaſive eloquence
Too far had gain'd the eaſy ear
Of unſuſpecting innocence,
And Daphne void of all deceit,
In others never look'd for it.

How could the heart that never knew
One thought or paſſion inſincere,
Thoſe ſorrows doubt, which by the tongue
Of deepeſt cunning pleaded were.
In ſuch an heart how ſteel'd muſt be
The hand that planted miſery!

Rich Thyrſis was in lands and flocks,
And form'd in nature's faireſt mould,
But lawleſs vice theſe gifts diſgrac'd,
By truth or virtue uncontroul'd.
Woe to the maid whoſe fond belief
Might liſten to his ſpecious grief,

For ſhe is loſt beyond retreat,
And innocence ſhall plead in vain,
Such arts reſiſtleſs, ſuch deceits,
Will Thyrſis uſe his ſuit to gain;
And tears unheeded ſhall deplore
The open, weak, unguarded hour.

Such,

Such, ſuch, alas, was Daphne's fate,
Tho' ſuperſtitious reverence,
For ſure an angel's form ſhe wore,
Might have preſerv'd her innocence.
But vice, nor rank, nor perſon ſpares,
And moſt for goodneſs ſpreads her ſnares.

Oft had he try'd his utmoſt art,
And none as yet could ought avail,
Her prudence made her ſtill reject,
Altho' ſhe might believe the tale.
In vain was every wile eſſay'd,
In vain his deepeſt plots were laid.

Till with an ardor, feign'd too well,
He woo'd her to the marriage tye,
That thus his faith might be confirm'd
With every due ſolemnity,
Vow'd that no day ſo bleſs'd could prove,
As that which fix'd the bonds of love.

Falſe perjur'd vows! thoſe holy tyes,
Alas! leaſt pleas'd his vicious mind,
Who deem'd no ſlavery like that
Of being to one love confin'd,
This was but made a plea to gain,
What elſe he thought to ſeek in vain.

And on a time, when night's ſtill hour
Had waken'd every tender thought,
With all his arts he preſs'd the maid,
And every fond perſuaſion brought;
Call'd down each bleſſed ſaint above,
As teſts of his eternal love.

Ah, let impartial candor judge
The weakneſs of the human breaſt,
Nor let, for hapleſs Daphne's fall,
The tear of pity be ſuppreſs'd.
Plead thou her cauſe whoſe generous heart
Shall prompt to take misfortune's part.

Oh!

Oh! had but faithful Colin ſhar'd
That love his faith ſo well deſerv'd,
The tongue of malice yet had ſlept,
And Daphne's fame had been preſerv'd.
That boſom form'd for peace alone,
The pangs of ſorrow ne'er had known.

But when ſo great a rival's ſuit,
His love of every hope bereav'd,
Urg'd by the height of ſad deſpair
His home, his all, the youth had left;
And long his friends with fruitleſs pain,
Purſu'd his ſudden flight in vain.

His rival's ſuit, as he had thought,
Too far, alas! had gain'd ſucceſs,
But in another different way
From what his honeſt heart could gueſs.
Mankind to him unknown had been,
Its ways, its vices, yet unſeen.

Yes, Thyrſis all his ends had gain'd,
And now in vain her tears might flow,
Whilſt buſy fame in whiſpers told,
The news of Daphne's overthrow:
For Thyrſis ne'er the charge deny'd,
Or wiſh the foul miſchance to hide.

Conſtant alone in lawleſs vice
His heart now burnt with ſome new flame,
Forgot its tyes, incapable
Long to remain in love the ſame.
But vice, tho' with ſucceſs purſu'd,
Shall ne'er the wrath of heaven elude.

How many now at Daphne's ſhame
A ſecret ſatisfaction ſhow'd,
Of thoſe that envy'd, and of thoſe
Whoſe frozen age no youth allow'd,
Of thoſe who loudeſt ſtill would be
That others might their prudence ſee.

Of thoſe who tempted half ſo far
Would never have withſtood ſo long,
And oh, how very few inclin'd
To pity, or redreſs the wrong.
How few would plead her cauſe, how few
Their own breaſts firſt would look into!

Now oft the ſolemn midnight hour
Had heard unhappy Daphne's prayer,
Whilſt ſlow and weary paſs'd the days,
Which once the hours of pleaſure were,
But heaven had happier days in ſtore,
When tears and ſighs ſhould riſe no more.

Its griefs for Thyrſis were reſerv'd,
For ſoon Corinna's reign took place,
And founded its firſt ſeat of power
On Daphne's ruin and diſgrace.
Though ſhe had cunning to evade
The deepeſt plots, however laid.

Corinna

Corinna void of all thoſe charms
Which were the dow'rs of Daphne's heart,
Yet, by her wiles, with more ſucceſs
Play'd crafty love's deceitful part.
And well ſhe underſtood 'twas fit
To gain deceivers by deceit.

Howe'er it was, ſince things moſt ſtrange
The ſcene of life diverſify,
Her arts entic'd him to the bond
Once held the worſt of ſlavery.
Thus caught, at length eternal ſtrife
Marr'd every comfort of his life.

The gallant Thyrſis now no more,
The ſunſhine of his day at end,
And what before was ill in him
No Countenance can now defend,
Robb'd of his boaſted liberty,
Condemn'd a woman's ſlave to be.

Mean

Mean while, far off in foreign lands
Had Colin fought to flee from grief,
Had thought the lenient hand of time
Might by oblivion bring relief.
But all, alas! was try'd in vain,
Content had ne'er return'd again.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

CANTO

CANTO THE SECOND.

THE howling winds and beating rain
Had ſadly uſher'd in the night,
Nor glimmering through the chearleſs gloom,
One friendly ſtar would ſhed its light.
And even the bird of ſolitude
Had ceas'd to charm a night ſo rude.

In the lone foreſt, hoaried o'er
By time, the venerable oak,
Tho' long it ſtood the force of years,
Now ſunk beneath the thunder ſtroke:
No more the trav'ller's lov'd retreat,
And ſhelter from the mid-day's heat.

The

The winds long pent, their priſons burſt,
And rag'd with fury unreſtrain'd,
The ſwelling ſtreams no more could be
Within their ruſhy banks contain'd,
And ruin blaſted every where
The farmer's ill-adventur'd care.

No more the night's pale penſive queen
Serenely bright would chear the ſkies,
Whilſt ſcreaming loud the midnight bird
Still wearied Echo with her cries.
And many a ſad and drooping flower
Fell by the ſtorm to riſe no more.

By duſky evening's quick approach
Thro' ſuch a night a trav'ller ſtray'd,
And darkneſs from the noted path
His wandering footſteps had betray'd.
With wearied pace he ſought in vain,
Some hoſpitable roof to gain.

Long 'midſt the foreſt's gloom he ſtray'd,
Where trembling fancy oft had ſeen
The myſtic dance led up, which marks
In wither'd rings the baleful green,
Where dappled pink, or violet blue,
On earth's cold boſom never grew.

Dark even in mid-day, deep deſpair
Would for its ſeat chuſe ſuch a ſhade,
The aged elms a canopy
For lonely melancholy made,
No ſprightly bird there tunes his lay,
That loves the gladſome face of day.

Long had he wander'd when a light
At diſtance glimmer'd thro' the trees,
Leſs joyful 'midſt the fouleſt ſtorm
The glorious ſun the ſailors ſees,
Leſs welcome now the ſilver moon,
To guide his erring ſteps had ſhone.

Directed thus at length he came
Where roſe within the wood's retreat,
A manſion without ſplendor fair,
With ruſtic plainneſs, ſimply neat;
And all without gave goodly ſign
Of hoſpitality within.

Nor long he pleaded for that aid
Here wont to ſuccor the diſtreſs'd,
Since courteous hoſpitality
The genial roof had ever bleſs'd,
And chearfulneſs and friendly care
Made every kindneſs doubly fair.

The man who had a friend long rank'd,
And deem'd, among the dead to be,
Should he, where leaſt he look'd for him,
Alive the ſame lov'd comrade ſee,
(Whilſt depth of wonder foſter'd doubt
Of what ſurpaſs'd his wildeſt thought)

Can

Can beſt the Stranger's feeling's know,
And beſt can utter his ſurpriſe,
When here the nymph his ſoul adorn'd
He ſaw, nor credited his eyes;
Leaſt look'd for here, altho' ſhe was
Of all his weary ſteps the cauſe.

With mutual wonder each beheld
What each thought little to have ſeen,
When Daphne faithful colin knew,
And he his Daphne ſaw again;
A thouſand paſſions fill'd her breaſt,
Nor leſs were in his face expreſs'd.

Twelve month's had paſſed ſince he had left
His comrade's, and his native home,
And chang'd the ruſtic garb for that
Which might a ſeaman more become;
And now return'd unchang'd in mind,
And leaving nought of love behind.

Tir'd

Tir'd of a ſailor's wand'ring life,
And all the evils of the ſeas,
He was returning home again
Tho' nothing cur'd of his diſeaſe;
No remedy could move the dart
So deeply planted in his heart.

Eager to learn his dreaded fate,
And ſee his native home again,
The day, the evening, unobſerv'd
Had paſs'd till night began her reign.
O ever fair and happy night,
When even error's ſelf was right.

For he had chanc'd to come where lived
An antient dame who long ſupplied,
To Daphne's youth a mother's place,
Who giving birth to her, had died.
Unable to ſupport her ſhame,
To her unhappy Daphne came.

Here

Here ſhe retir'd, altho' to her
Mournful alike all places were,
And here the beauteous penitent
Had cheriſh'd never ceaſing care;
And ſure if tears can blot out ſin,
Her faults long ſince had pardon'd been.

Till happieſt fortune hither led
The youth who merited her love,
Whoſe faith remain'd beyond the power
Of time and abſence to remove;
Who well indeed thoſe joys deſerv'd,
Which were for him by fate reſerv'd.

She well had known, altho' his tongue
Had ne'er to her diſclos'd his pain,
His love, nor thought the faithful youth
Unworthy to be lov'd again;
And ſure had Thyrſis ne'er been known
Unrival'd he the prize had won.

But

But oh what tongue hath ſkill enough
An interview like theirs to paint,
The force of ſpeech were fruitleſs here,
But empty words are weak and faint;
Let fancy to the feeling breaſt
Deſcribe, what ne'er can be expreſs'd.

Suffice it when the tale was known,
Tho' indignation fill'd his breaſt,
Yet Thyrſis only rais'd the flame,
Affection ſtill his ſoul poſſeſs'd;
Tho' grief and rage, alternate ſtrove,
Yet neither could extirpate love.

Her crime his honeſt heart forgave,
The virtuous may be oft deceiv'd,
Nor fair it is that one falſe ſtep
Should never, never, be retriev'd.
Shall thoſe who pardon here deny,
Expect it in futurity.

In

In fine, fair Daphne gain'd a heart
Good, as her former ſwain's was bad,
(Both in external grace were fair,
But one the fairer dowry's had)
And Colin gain'd the long loſt prize,
At leaſt unſtain'd in candor's eyes.

With joy ſincere he was receiv'd
By thoſe who long his flight had mourn'd,
By all was gentle Colin lov'd,
And all rejoic'd when he return'd:
No maid had learnt to curſe his name,
As treach'rous author of her ſhame.

With envy Thyrſis now beheld,
In them that mutual happineſs,
That peace which ever fled his roof,
Thoſe joys he never might poſſeſs,
Whilſt Hymen bleſs'd their marriage tye,
With faireſt, ſweeteſt progeny.

F I N I S.

Deme ſupercilio Nubem. HOR.